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TOUR OF THE WORLD.

Missionary Tour Decided Successful—Travelers Delighted

With all of the Countries Visited.

A large number of Edgefield people of all ages have actually gone around the world, having visited Japan, Africa, China, Italy, Mexico, and various sections of America. There are still other countries and perhaps on some later occasions, our people will make a tour of them. This time we only visited those where the missionaries of the Southern Baptist convention are laboring, leaving out two, Brazil and Argentina, because the tourists were not equal to the fatigue which the added trip would have caused them, and then the customs and manners of these people were somewhat similar to those of Mexico.

At the appointed hour there were an unexpected crowd of people assembled at the ticket office. The tour managers anticipated a greater number at the later hours, so that extra aid had to be summoned to carry the first party.

Japan.

Promptly at 6 o'clock fifty or more passengers embarked for Japan, and from the first eminence at a distance could be seen the Japanese lanterns and characteristic appearance of a true Japanese home. Mrs. W. E. Lott herself transformed into a typical Jap and a pretty one, must have been metamorphosed in mind and understanding to such an extent that she really knew exactly what to do in order to build a real Japanese domicile. This was such a dainty and picturesque spot and the children were so sweet and the young Japanese girls so pretty in their graceful kimono and head dress, that the tourists felt like they never wanted to return to America again, and if they did that hereafter our homes must be furnished in the light and graceful furnishings of an oriental home.

Beautiful screens of reeds and Japanese colors, clematis in profusion, bamboo—and even the floors were covered with the Japanese matting and rugs. The electric lights were all reflected through lanterns of beautiful design and color. The souvenirs were small fans. The little girls, Kate and Eleanor Mims and Elizabeth Lott made beautiful pictures with their fan drill and Effie Lott and little Francis Wells added to the scene. Francis was a real Japanese kimono, made in Japan and sent by a missionary friend of Mrs. Wells.

Africa.

From Japan the parties went across the Isthmus of Suez to Africa, landing first in Egypt. As they came in sight of the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mims bon fires were burning in every direction and tom-toms were beating a welcome. The African village was occupied by four natives, the idea of the village having been copied from a picture in Roosevelt's "African Game Trails." Edwin Folk recited a very appropriate selection about our missionaries in Africa.

At the door souvenirs were given the guests, on which were painted various emblems. These were done by Miss Lizzie Roper. At the entrance two Egyptian girls Misses Annie Bee and Lizzie Roper were reclining, Miss Bee beautiful in her royal robes of an Egyptian queen and attending her little Miss Gladys Lawton in gay attire, but transformed into the nubian tints, holding in her hands a fan of the most brilliant plumage. On the stairs stood Miss Hortensia Woodson as Pharaoh's daughter and Misses Florence Mims and Mamie Cheatham as Egyptian attendants. The tableau was the finding of Moses in the river, and Marie Holston as a Jewish maiden stood in the background as Miriam. Miss Woodson recited beautifully an original poem composed for this occasion by her mother, Mrs. Woodson, which we think so appropriate that we use it.

The finding of Moses.

What seest thou maiden, before thee?
A basket of rushes plied
By some fond mother's forethought,
Her infant child to hide?

Go bring me the little birdling
Its nest of rushes is weak.
I'll guard it safe for its mother,
In my palace they never will seek.

The banks of the Nile they are lonely,
But with brambles overgrown,
Go call me a nurse of the Aliens,
They know how to care for their own.

It were sinful to leave here the darling,
Dark are the borders with slime,
Snakes lurk within the deep covers,
I'll consider the little one mine.

His name shall be Moses, but mind you,
No hint to my father of this
Go bring me the babe this instant,
I'll claim him as mine with a kiss.

In an oasis in the Sahara under a Bedouin tent lay three little nomads, in the person of Robert, Rivers and William Bee.

An African jungle was penetrated by all the tourists where they discovered the king of the coconut isle who made them an address as they entered. Banana salad was served and pure African punch.

China.

This is the country in which we are most especially interested, because there are missionaries there alone we love with a personal affection. Here in the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Norris Chinese babies and children and older maidens appeared in the most bewitching costumes, and the sweetest smiles. On the side of the pleasant veranda a beautiful girl served delightful Chinese tea, and everything was in a Chinese atmosphere. Even the printed characters and many real Chinese letters and curios were in evidence. A Chinese idol made by an American artist, was very much wondered at, but by no means worshipped. As a diversion rice was eaten, or the attempt was made to eat this Chinese article of diet with chop sticks. A beautiful screen of plaited bamboo and Chinese colors was seen on entering the hallway, and if one did not know better, we really would have believed we were in China. There was a beautiful selection, the composition of our missionary John Lake "South Carolina," given by Miss Florence Peak. Among the pleasing guests in the tourist party from all over the world assembled there, were Mr. and Mrs. Clarke of Georgia and their two children. Mrs. Clarke was Sophie Lake, sister of our missionary and greatly beloved in Edgefield. Here the menu was real Chinese chicken made into salad and other good things. The souvenirs were hand painted Chinese beads.

Italy.

From China we sailed across the Mediterranean sea to Italy where under the green vineyards and blue skies we found all the realities of the delights of sunny Italy in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Padgett. In every corner we could see the evidences of loyalty, in the waving of Italian flags and the abundant use of the beautiful and emblematic colors. The program was very appropriate and the music beautiful. Mrs. Shannonhouse's solo Miserere from Verdi was said by some of the tourists to be the most charming feature of the tour. But who could expect anything else of musical Italy, that home of beauty and art in its every nook and corner.

The scene was made more attractive by the Italian girls arranged in their becoming costumes of lace and colors. Little Lillian Pattison and James Bacon Sharpton sat on a throne in the front hall holding in her hand a basket of tempting Italian fruit.

Mr. Mitchel Reynolds was a handsome Italian and helped to receive the guests, and the Italian girls were Misses Elizabeth Rainsford, Rosalie Parker, who also played on the violin in sweet and touching strains, Trumerei, Rosada Talbert, Snow Jeffries, May Tompkins, Natalie Padgett, Nelle Jones, Margaret May, Florida Miller. Miss Rainsford sang that popular but classical selection "Corahera Rustirana."

The refreshments here were raisin sandwiches, stuffed prunes and grape juice. The verandas were most appropriately and artistically de-

signed. The souvenirs were in boot shape with the colors of the Italian flag attached.

Mexico.

As the tourists came in sight of Mr. and Mrs. Lovick Mims' home as they ascended the picturesque eminence upon which the colonial home was erected numbers of people remarked that this was indeed a picture of the real Mexico. The tall and stately pines in the background gave a dignity and charm to the environment. At the door the guests were greeted by a lovely Mexican girl and a very distinguished looking Mexican gentleman. They told us it was Francis Sheppard and Miss Helen Tillman, but we had an idea it was a dethroned president and some illustrious relative. We felt certain that these would have come to assist us with the tour as all the rest of the world so obligingly did.

After the guests had become subdued after the excitement incident to the tour, the Hon. J. C. Sheppard told very interestingly some facts about Mexico and its romantic history and present belligerent condition. He then introduced the Mexican quartette Misses Sophie and Lura Mims and Messrs. James Mims and Bennie Parker, who sang the national hymn in costume. Little Cleora Thomas sat in a booth and strung Mexican beads, and the refreshments of hot coffee and Mexican salad were a variety so different from the previous menus that this was enjoyed as well for that reason as for their own intrinsic value. This was served by little Mexican girls, Grace Tompkins, Elizabeth Smith, Helen Nicholson and Lucy Sheppard.

Back to America.

There has not been a gayer party to arrive from abroad this season nor one who had a more satisfactory tour than the round-the-world visitors of Thursday evening. They were all delighted to arrive once more on their native beach although their name was not "McGregor."

We were never so glad to see Uncle Sam, who greeted all of his fair and brave constituency back to their homeland. The Hon. P. B. Mayson makes a typical and most appropriate Uncle Sam, and if he had lived as a contemporary of George Washington would certainly have rivalled him as the Father of his country.

Miss June Rainsford as Columbia made a beautiful picture and also Miss Elise Lake as Dixie. Yankee Doodle in most unique costume was represented by little George Evans, and the nation's flags were illustrated in costume by two dainty little misses, Jeanette Timmons and Mary Marsh. All these seated on a throne and surrounded by a spacious room of American colors and flags were very effective.

As the guests arrived inside the gate and made their way through the crowds to the steps, they were refreshed by the sight of Greenland's icy mountains on one side and Mr. Jeffries in furs and trappings of a real Esquimaux adorning the picture. All this had a cooling effect after the heat and fatigue of the journey. At each successive party entered they were entertained by a beautiful little play in the front hall which was made a real Mt. Vernon. Here "George Washington and his friends" met again after many years, and the following composed the party: Eugene Timmons, as George Washington; Ouida Pattison, Martha Washington; Norma Shannonhouse, Betsy Ross; Agnes Denny, Molly Ritcher; Edith Ouzts, Emily Geiger; Eleanor Kinnaid, Penelope Penwick; Sarah Lyon, Teepeechee, an Indian maiden; Fanny, the fairy, Elizabeth Timmerman; Lafayette, Carroll Rainsford; Molly Stork, Amelia Hudgens.

In another section of the home was a native American wigwam and forest and real Indians therein, Misses Ruth Timmerman and Ruth Tompkins, Lois Dobson and Wallace Sheppard. A most attractive feature of the entertainment in America was the stereopticon with slides borrowed from the Foreign Mission Board of pictures taken on the various fields, especially in China.

The refreshments were an abundance of choice ice cream and cake, such as is served nowhere so lavishly as in America.

The Woman's Mission Society is greatly indebted to all the kind

friends who aided so generously, both members of the society and those who were not. The Christian women of Edgefield have learned that in all their undertakings of whatever nature that they will have the hearty co-operation of enough generous friends to make it all a decided success. The tours really did good in more ways than one, and proved for one thing that any undertaking, however arduous, will succeed if sincerely and energetically prosecuted.

The proceeds of the entertainment after all expenses were paid amounted to about \$125 which will be placed in the treasury of the Woman's Mission Society.

F. A. M.

You Can Have a Pretty Home If You Can't Have a Fine One.

Perhaps you can't have "a fine house" to live in, but you can have a pretty one.

To begin with, we suspect you can paint it, even if you do think you "can't afford" to do so. And a painted farm house will give you a new distinction in your neighborhood, and will be a mark of progress your other neighbors may follow.

Then, arrange to plant some shrubs and some bulbs of old-fashioned flowers this fall and such new trees as you need. The blossoming crape myrtle, with its profusion of beauty, is now adding glory to many a Dixie homestead, and the fragrant mimosa is scenting the air with a perfume as rich as that which marks the breezes that "blow so" over Ceylon's isle. Why do more of our southern farmers plant these beautiful shrubs around their homes? Farmers in colder climates would pay heavily to have them, but our farmers too often neglect them because perhaps

hood. Order them from a nursery.

There is indeed no excuse for anybody not having a pretty home, no matter how humble it is. We have seen Negro cabins so beautifully kept as to be more attractive to the eye than some \$30,000 homes we have seen. The simple morning-glory and plenty of cheap whitewash will make any place look beautiful if the grounds and walks are well kept. In this connection, we reprint again the famous "Government recipe" for whitewash and would suggest that every reader cut it out and put it away in his Bible for reference—right between the Old and New Testaments where it can be easily located.

But before putting it there, why not get busy with it and whitewash all the outbuildings on your place—and if you can't paint your house, why, whitewash it also? Now that you have laid-by your crops, the best work you can do is to beautify your home. The whitewash recipe follows:

"To make the so-called 'Government whitewash,' slake a half bushel of lime with boiling water. Cover during the operation to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or cloth strainer and add to it a peck of salt, which has previously been dissolved in warm water. Then dissolve one pound of clean glue by soaking it well or heating in double kettle, and add to the whitewash, together with three pounds of rice, pounded fine and boiled to a paste, and a half pound of Spanish whiting. Then place the compound in a small kettle, place this kettle into a larger one containing water and bring to a boil. When the substance begins to bubble, remove it from the fire and add five gallons of boiling water. Cover it up and let stand for a few days. When wished for use, reheat and apply while hot.

"Coloring can be added in the proper proportions to secure the desired shade. Venetian red can be used. For cream color, add yellow ochre; for pearl or lead, add lamp black or ivory black; for fawn, add proportionately four pounds of amber to one pound of black; for stone color, four pounds of amber to two pounds of lamp black will give desired results."—Progressive Farmer.

Jones—James, I heard you using profanity to the horses this forenoon.

Coachman—No, suh; no suh! I see very careful ob de hossis, suh!! I was talking to my wife, suh.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Mr. Wright Writes of His Recent Sojourn of Several Days in Historic City of Washington.

Editor of The Advertiser:

On my return from Gettysburg I stopped over for four days in Washington (Called The Beautiful City of Distance) I spent one day looking at the grounds, beautiful trees, fine walks green grass and lovely gardens of the Capitol, where the roses never fade and where the flowers never cease to bloom. The city is so beautiful, so grand and clean; and I shall always be glad that I stopped where there are so many wonderfully interesting things to see and admire, and at Mt. Vernon, the home of the father of this wonderful country of ours. And Arlington the home of our mighty chieftain, Gen. Robt. E. Lee, perhaps their spirits hover there still. And as I wondered here and there looking at the many things that met my gaze my guide asked me if this was my first trip to the capital city, yes, I said, but don't you tell that to anybody.

The Washington monument is 55 feet at its base and reaches almost to the clouds 555 feet high, it takes twelve minutes to reach the top in an elevator, as I reached the pinnacle and looked out over this great city and the grand old Potomac flowing hard by, I could only say, "My country 'tis of thee I sing." I was told by my guide that on the inside wall of this monument, there is a stone from every civilized nation in the world.

The War, State, Navy buildings, the agriculture department, and the bureau of engraving are worthwhile

ment there are hundreds of hands making green-backs, like shelling corn, which was a wonder to a fellow like me who had never seen the like, and as I looked at the stacks of bills piled up of all denominations, like the fox with the grapes, I didn't want them now.

I was somewhat disappointed when I got to the White House, it was not as magnificent as I expected to see, though the grounds are simply grand.

The national museum is something that every boy and girl should see. Everything that ever lived almost, can be seen there and looks as perfect and life-like as they did when they walked and crawled through the jungle or flew through the forest, but there is no life in them. Four miles from the city is located the Zoological park where you may see every animal, fish, fowl, and reptile that you looked at in the museum, but all live and move and have their being that you see at the Zoological park.

At the treasury department my guide showed me the money vaults. Silver vault No. 1, is 89 feet long, 51 feet wide and 12 feet high, it contains \$111,800,000 standard silver dollars.

Gold and silver vault No. 2, contains \$3,000,000 in gold, and \$51,000,000 in silver. The money in both vaults weighs over 5,000 tons, and would take 125 freight cars to hold it. From this room there is paid out on an average of \$3,000,000 a day. Last year over \$1,000,000,000 was paid out. The bonded bank vault contains \$853,000,000 worth of bonds to secure bank note circulation. The largest bank is the National Bank of Commerce in New York, worth over \$9,000,000 in circulation. The gold and silver is soon to be counted. That is done by weight, the scales being so very accurate that you may put a sheet of paper on the scales and it will tell how much it weighs, then write your name on the same sheet and you will know how much your name weighs, so says my guide. Now he is paid by the government, guess he is good authority. There are 33,000 souls employed by the government in the city of Washington.

The Congressional Library is the most wonderful building that I have ever looked at. It cost \$6,000,000 to build it and was eight years in building, and it occupies three and one-half acres of ground, which cost \$350,000. This building stands at a distance of 1270 feet east of the capital, and the finest, and said to be the prettiest in the

United States. I will not pretend to describe its beauty and grandeur. Words are too commonplace to do that, but as I walked through this building, looking at the gold painted dome, and the decorations of some forty painters, and sculptors, all American citizens, I said to my friend I am glad that I am an American, and yet there seemed to come over me a reverential air or admiration. This was at night when the entire building was flooded with electric lights. The floor space is 480,255 square feet and has a capacity for 3,540,000 octavo volumes of books and 48,000 vol. newspapers. It was so grand and beautiful, my eyes were dazzled, and my soul was stirred. Yet congress is calling for \$3,000,000 to paint the dome over again. They say it is getting old and dingy. Well I guess they think as the money is made there, that is the place to spend it. They have built a subway there from the senate and congressional rooms to the capitol for the members to walk to, and from the capitol when the weather is bad. I walked through this under ground path with the Hon. Joe Johnston from Spartanburg, and on the way he left me and walked into another hall, and I walked on looking for a going-out place, but found that my way was blocked. So I turned to look for my friend, but never found him, but I met up with a fellow, and said to him, do you know how to get out of this congressional hall, and told him that young male, and the old one had left me, and that I was not use to under ground travel, and the little fellow soon brought me to the top side. I gave him a dime and he went his way rejoicing, and so did I; but never have seen or heard any more from the congressman, he may still be in the hall.

The Capitol.

magnificent structure. I first went into Senator Tillman's room, and spent quite a while with the grand old hero, found him in good shape, never saw him in better mood, full of fun and laughter, and he was indeed very kind and thoughtful to me. He told his clerk to take me through the capitol. Mr. Knight showed me all the courtesy that a southern gentleman could, in explaining to me every thing in detail, and as we went into the gallery of the senate chamber, Mr. Knight said to me, "hold on here the senate will convene now in three minutes." and with bated breath, gloves off, and hat in hand, I stood stock still, for the first time in my life before the most dignified, and august tribunal in all this great Republic. The Vice-president walked to the speaker's stand, rapped for prayer, and the chaplain invoked the Divine blessing, after which the senate was called to order. Very few members were at their post, but was glad to note that our senator the Hon. B. R. Tillman was right there and as watchful as a Roman vessel on duty. Mr. Knight then took me into the Statuary Hall, and while looking at the statue of America's great men, and stepping in front of the great and mighty chieftain of the Confederacy, Gen. Robt. E. Lee, I was made to exclaim, "America the land of the free and the home of the brave." This government is going to erect a memorial to Lincoln at a cost of six and a half million dollars. The design stands in the National Museum. What a waste. Look where you may in the city of Washington and you will see a monument, shaft, or bust of Lincoln, and the ugliest in the city. It does seem to me that some of that money that is spent there for these things should come this way. "What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander."

Russell Wright.

Johnston, S. C.

The Rule of Three.

Three things to govern—temper tongue and conduct.
Three things to live—courage, gentleness and affection.
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and affectation.
Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.
Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and dippant jesting.
Three things to fight for—honor, home and country.—Ex.